

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



"YOU HAD BETTER TAKE CARE, MR. PHILLIPSON, HOW YOU FASTEN ANOTHER MILL-STONE ROUND YOUR NECK."

CAPTAIN STAUNCY'S VOW.

CHAPTER IX.

A STORM of angry feeling, of vengeful passion, raged fiercely the next day throughout Appledore, as soon as Jim Ortop's story was noised abroad. Doorways were crowded with men and women discussing the report, and venting their feelings in no honeyed phraseology. Knots of gossips augmented into small crowds, whose excitement grew uproarious. The principal street became in an hour or so a scene of the utmost exasperation, in which murmurs, intensified by the wailing relatives

of the drowned seamen, were concentrated, till in that narrow gangway burst forth a fire of resentment, which nothing but blood, the blacksmith was heard to say, could possibly quench. Murder! vengeance! vengeance! murder! were the cries which sounded high above the swelling din of that tumultuous multitude.

Whilst Appledore was thus in a state of frenzy, Northam was in a state of gloom. A funeral is always a solemn occasion; but the interment of four drowned men, whose bodies had been picked up amongst the rocks at the west end of the Burrows, occasioned an amount of sadness in the village not often manifested.

The church was crowded, the churchyard was thronged; and as the words of consignment to earth were heard—"ashes to ashes, dust to dust"—a stifled groan arose from that heart-struck assembly. There were many who retired to their homes, silent and thoughtful; but there were some who hung about the church gates, conversing on the melancholy fate of the deceased, until they too, like the men and women of Appledore, were ruffled into an angry mood, and began to breathe out threatening. Creeping slowly on toward the dwelling of Stauncy, they grew louder in their protestations, exciting each other, as moved spirits crowded together invariably do, and experiencing a glowing thirst for action of some kind. They wanted to do, as well as to complain, but what to do they could not determine.

The captain's wife, with her usual foresight, had anticipated the possibility of a storm. The news of her husband's rumoured delinquency had filled her with distress, but it served to bring out some of her fine qualities of head and heart. She felt assured the report was untrue; though, from the time that Stauncy went over the bar, her dream had troubled her, and she was unable to refrain from depressing forebodings, so that she contrived a plan by which the captain was absent from Northam at the time of the funeral.

The crowd became more and more uneasy and vehement, and a series of altercations as to what ought to be done by no means improved their temper. Whilst some pressed forward and gazed rudely into Stauncy's windows, others vociferated, "Who scuttled the brig? who murdered the crew?" The voices of flushed females prevailed even more than the clamour of wordy contention and indignation amongst the men, and something serious seemed impending, when Mary Stauncy appeared at the door, and, drawing herself up to the extent of her dignity, proceeded at once, like a clever tactician, to charge right home.

"You're a disgrace to Northam," she said; "you're a disgrace to human nature. Instead of uniting to shelter a townsman from suspicion, and guard a character you have always held blameless, you first listen to the scandal of a tap-room, believing a worthless toper who wants money as a price for silence, and then you take the law into your own hands without judge or jury. Be ashamed of yourselves, and go home, as you ought to do after such a burying, serious and charitable."

The crowd listened; the crowd relented; the crowd was on the point of taking a new view of things, when a way was rapidly made in it by the pushing form of the captain, who had returned sooner than his wife expected, and imagined that some disaster had befallen his family. But when his presence evoked again the cry, "Who scuttled the brig? who murdered the crew?" the truth flashed on him in a moment, and, rushing towards the most noisy of the calumniators, he threatened to flog him with a blow, and, confronting the astonished mob, exclaimed, "If any of you have anything to say, say it, or else be off every one of you."

The people dispersed, grumbling but cowed, their leader, the cadaverous shoemaker, muttering that Stauncy would repent of his work yet.

"I'll dog him," said Ortop, "till he dangle from the yard-arm of a jury-mast rigged up in Execution Dock."

His presence was missed that night by the roystering tipplers in Ship Street; for, on returning to Appledore, he revealed his mind to another votary of Crispin, who was able to wield the quill, an accomplishment not very common in those days; and, having dictated an epistle giving information against Stauncy, he started off to Bideford, and sent it on its way to London. "There,"

said he, as he dropped the document into the letter-box, "if that don't stretch him, I'm no fortune-teller."

It was deemed expedient by the captain that he should immediately confer with the merchant, and when the shades of evening had gathered in, he paid him a visit.

"The cat's out of the bag, Mr. Phillipson," he said; "Jim Ortop has told all he knows, and more, I dare say. A crowd of folks besieged my house just now, as if they were mazed. Old Ortop, who was there, let out a bit of his mind, confirming what I feared from young Jim Ortop; but I warned him to mind what he is about."

"Stauncy," said Mr. Phillipson, in a serious tone, "you might have been born yesterday. You're very courageous, but you haven't got half the sagacity of my dog. Instead of applying a plaster to the sore place in Ortop's mind, you apply a blister. You should have taken the bull by the tail, and not by the horns, Cap'n; it's a bad job of it! Why, here in Appledore there have been worse doings than in Northam, I'll warrant you. The people came round my door like a pack of wolves, and, just to show that they meant something, sent a volley of stones through the windows. The groom went out to ask 'what's up?' and a hundred voices replied, in menacing words and tones, 'Tell the old wizard, I heard them say, 'that we'll burn 'un. Tell the old junk, we'll scuttle 'un. Tell the old rogue, we'll send 'un to sea in a hen-coop.' The women, who looked like harpies, screeched defiance. The men and boys threw stones and cob, upbraiding me all the while and threatening I don't know what. I knew they could prove nothing, and that it was all a surface thing—a tide that could be made to ebb as easily as it was made to flow; so I went to the door with my handkerchief to my eyes, and looking as if I had lost a baby, or something worse. Didn't they yell! but when they saw my pale face, and how I kept mopping up, they soon got as quiet as lambs. 'My good people,' said I, as well as I could for choking grief, you know, 'what is it? Is this the way you treat an old employer, who is paying half the town, and will soon pay the other half? Can I still the winds and waves? Can I control the stormy winds, or keep men back from death when their time has come? I never thought!—and then I fairly blabbered—'to come to this, or that my grey hairs, and family name, which is a household word, would be treated with such a want of consideration.' You should have seen, Stauncy, how they all veered round in a minute. Some of the women began a-crying too, and called out shame on the ringleaders, who slunk away; and there I stood, sniffing, and speaking to their feelings, until they all went home, declaring they wouldn't see a hair of my head hurt. That's the way, Stauncy; nothing like oil for troubled waters. Only make yourself felt somehow—anyhow—and you'll be pronounced right. There's nothing more manageable than a boiling kettle. Don't poke the fire, but put the kettle on the hob. Depend upon it, it takes a grievance as deep as the North Sea to make people proof against a little soaping. Bluster is a very good thing—in some cases indispensable, but blarney will serve you much oftener; and remember that *what* and *when* are the magic words of life—that is, the proper thing at the proper time. Taking them on the soft side was a proper thing this morning, and see how it succeeded. Why, I've seen fellows as hot as the tropics, who were going to scorch and burn up everything and everybody, cooled down beautifully by a little water from the eye-scoopers. I know it is said, indeed, that 'we mustn't do evil that good may come,' but I put against that, 'All's well that ends well,' and just turn the thing in this fashion,

Stauncey; 'we mustn't do any good, unless we can avoid doing any evil thereby,' and a pretty fix we get into. Besides, what is evil, Cap'n?"

"I can't describe it exactly," replied Stauncey, before Mr. Phillipson could answer his own question, as he intended; "but there's something in us all which tells us plainly enough, if we'll only listen to it."

"All a mistake, Cap'n. There's more than one voice in us; and you'll never get to the top of the ladder if you give way to qualms of conscience, as they're called. But it's getting late; and all I advise you to do is to hold your tongue and keep your temper, and as soon as the Ariadne's ready, you shall hoist your flag and bear away to better fortune. And now I've done with the philosophical and sentimental, Stauncey;" and the wily deceiver, who would have stamped out all moral sensibility from the captain's heart if he could, bade him good-night.

CHAPTER X.

A STRANGE-LOOKING craft crossed Bideford Bar, and anchored in the Pool, about three weeks after this popular outbreak. She looked like a squat Dutchman: her bows were unusually round and bluff, even for those times; her mast was stepped much further aft than the rules and proprieties of ship rigging tolerated, and on her roomy fore-castle appeared a considerable mass of something, covered lightly over with a tarpaulin. Such a nondescript vessel had never been seen in those waters before, and many were the conjectures ventured on as to her class and calling. Some thought she must be a smuggler brought in for repairs. Others pronounced her to be a light-ship, which, for unknown reasons, had resigned her friendly office, and was taking a holiday; and a few of that class whose judgments are more romantic than reasonable, affirmed, with a knowing jerk of the head, that she was a king's sloop—a revenue cutter got up in that odd fashion to beguile the unwary, to catch, as they said with a chuckle, "a weasel asleep;" but what she really was remained, after all, a mystery.

"Rattler, ahoy!" shouted a genteel-looking man, who had been seen about Appledore for more than a week, and now made his appearance on the quay; "Rattler, ahoy!"

A voice responded from the vessel, and, a boat being lowered, two men rowed ashore and took the stranger off.

"I scarcely expected to see you here, Captain Robinson," he said, when he reached the deck; "but it will expedite matters. You've had a fine time for pearl fishing, eh?"

"A very fine time, Mr. Cocks, ever since we left Plymouth. The sea has been like a millpond, so that we finished operations sooner than I expected; and, as I wanted to see the face of a ship's chandler, I ran in here."

"And what's the result of your operations?"

"Oh, very satisfactory. There's no doubt about the matter at all. The evidence has been drawn up and signed, and you can have it now if you please."

That very evening, the genteel-looking man betook himself to a justice of the peace, accompanied by Jim Ortop, and made such depositions that the worthy magistrate was necessitated, much against his will, to issue a summons against James Stauncey, as charged with having scuttled on the high seas the brig "Sarah Ann." The next morning that summons was duly served by the village constable, who had received instructions to bring the captain at an early hour before the minister of justice; and, faithful to his duty, he appeared at the appointed time, accompanied by Stauncey, at the house of

Squire Hart, who was universally esteemed and respected as a humane and impartial administrator of the law.

Poor Mary! her heart died within her when the fussy official hurried away the light of her eyes. Sinking into a chair, she sat gazing at the fire, spell-bound, pale, and trembling, heaving deep sighs, and exclaiming, ever and anon, "The quicksand! the quicksand!" and so she continued for hours, until a neighbour, like a true friend, looked in on the stricken woman, and endeavoured to soothe and comfort her afflicted spirit.

There is an amount of sympathy with fellow-suffering, amongst the middle and lower classes especially, which serves to mitigate no little the miseries of life; and few there are who do not meet with some kind spirits prepared to act the part of the good Samaritan, and to help in bearing the burden of woe. The wife of the captain found it so; and much, indeed, did her shocked and sensitive nature require a wise and aiding sympathizer, for, such was the nature of the evidence brought against Stauncey, that the magistrate, whilst he roundly asserted his repugnance, and spoke cheerily to the arraigned seaman, was under the necessity of committing him for trial; and he was hurried away, in a hired vehicle, to Exeter, without being permitted to see his wife, and kiss his children.

How much he smarted and writhed under the deprivation may be conceived; but perhaps it was wisely ordered, for Mary's sake, for a parting, and such a parting, would have overwhelmed her, stricken and crushed as she was; whereas, the cruelty of the thing, and the thought of hastening to him as soon as might be, gave a turn to the tide of her feelings, and helped to bring into action again her strong and resolute mind.

"Don't be cast down, Mary," said her visitor, the widow of a respectable farmer, who had seen no little tribulation, and was much looked up to for her sagacious mind and sterling character. "The law is a terrible thing, no doubt, and is sometimes severe without being righteous; but there is a power above the law, which can say, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.' 'Tis a heavy blow, sure enough, but worse things might happen than for honesty to be suspected, and for innocence to suffer. He'll come clear out of it, Mary; and the result will be outweighing compensations for all you are now suffering. Cheer up, and look on the bright side of things."

"You mean well, Grace," she replied. "You have a wise head and a kind heart; but my fears are stronger than my hopes. I've had a presentiment of this from the time Stauncey went to sea, and I wish I could think him clear of all things. I can confide my mind to you, and it'll be a relief to do it. I greatly fear that Stauncey has been led into temptation, and has committed himself some way. I say led into temptation, for his heart revolts at crime as much as mine, and it could only have been under the influence of drink, and of wily, wicked reasoning, that he was persuaded to be the cat's paw of that heartless, unprincipled man in Appledore."

"Phillipson you mean, Mary; and as like as not that he has been the cause of the wrong, if wrong there be. Do you really think the charge is true?"

"I scarcely know what to think, Grace. Sometimes I cast the thought from me, as I would hurl away a viper, and then again it twines round my heart with such irresistible power, that I start at my suspicions, as though I were guilty myself. One thing I know—the merchant gave Stauncey a sum of money the very day he sailed, and I would rather have had a pest in the house than that fifty pound note."

Her visitor was silent for a while. This revelation perplexed her; but, knowing how to be candid without being unkind, she replied, "I can't a-bear that roguish, wicked Phillipson, Mary: I've suffered too much from his grasping, cruel heart, to think that any good can come with his gifts. You may depend upon it, he is at the bottom of all this, and at any rate it helps to make a bright lining to the dark clouds. Whatever Stauncey may have done, it will be traced to the merchant, and, as he has money and friends enough to rescue him even from the fangs of the law, he must carry the cap'n with him. He'll be high and dry after all, Mary."

"God grant it," she answered; "but— There's a knock at the door, Grace;" and, deeming that signal of approach sufficient, the door was opened by the very gentleman whose merits they were discussing.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Stauncey," he said, standing in the middle of the room. "I came to tell you not to trouble yourself about the cap'n. That good-for-nothing fellow, Jim Ortop, has been lying, as usual, and his father is vowing vengeance, because Stauncey threatened him; but I'll see all made right, and punish the scamps, as sure as my name's Phillipson."

"Sir," said Mary, "you know more than I do about it, and can tell whether you are trifling with me or not; but do you think Squire Hart would have suffered my poor James to be taken to jail like a criminal, on the word of Jim Ortop? Who was the gentleman that said so much, and insisted in such a way, that the magistrate couldn't help himself?"

"Gentleman?" said the merchant, quickly, "what do you mean?"

"I mean," she answered, "that a strange gentleman, who has been about here for more than a week, obliged the squire to commit him for trial, and insisted on his being sent off to Exeter directly."

"I never heard of it," the merchant replied, with a frown on his brow; "but I'll make that gentleman, whoever he is, eat up his words faster than he uttered them, and you shall see whether the service of the Phillipson family isn't proof against all the magistrates and lawyers of the country. This is Friday: on Monday I'll go to Exeter, and drive you down too, if you like."

The prospect thus held out so filled her mind on the instant, that she could say no more; but her worthy friend relieved her of the necessity, by telling him as much of her own thoughts as she considered fitting.

"You know me well, Mr. Phillipson," she said; "and I should think my presence is enough to bring any wrong to remembrance. I am what I am—a poor widow, through you—robbed of the inheritance of my fathers; and I am not the only one you have sacrificed to your insatiable avarice. The cry of Miss Herbert, the poor crazed lady, must surely be ringing yet in your ears. It's seldom enough you darken the church doors; but don't you mind the last time you were there, how she rose when you entered, though the service had began, and exclaiming, 'The widow's curse, my curse,' rushed out, to escape a presence more tormenting than the presence of an evil spirit could have been. And now, I'll warrant, you are trying to add to the number of your victims, whose cries rise up to heaven, like the cry of Abel's blood. Mr. Phillipson, the judgment of God has leaden feet, and therefore, in mercy, it has not reached you yet; but its advance is as sure as the sun's rising. If its feet are leaden, its hands are iron, and whom it grasps it holds. You had better take care how you fasten another mill-stone round your neck."

"You're an impudent woman," he replied, angrily. "You, and the like of you, throw all your misfortunes into

the teeth of those most troubled by them, because property happens to change hands through extravagance or folly. You won't improve your condition by such remarks, believe me. I can hinder as easily as I can help. Mrs. Stauncey, I'll call for you on Monday morning, at nine o'clock, if you like to go."

ALEXANDER I, OF RUSSIA.

BEFORE AND AFTER 1812.

THE character of Alexander, Emperor of Russia, has been depicted in such widely differing colours, and that by well-informed and truth-loving writers, that it seems no easy matter to arrive at just conclusions concerning him.

It is indeed impossible to deny that he appeared, at different periods of his life, to be animated by differing, nay, even directly opposing principles of action, which would argue a great vacillation and weakness of character, even if we be not disposed harshly to attribute (as many have done) his profession of friendship to deceit, and his change of policy to perfidy. Sufficient allowance has not been made for his peculiarities, both of disposition and position—for the oriental fire and susceptibility to impression, which constituted him a highly impulsive being, and for the uncontrolled power with which he was so early invested, and which left him free to execute whatever he willed, and to will whatever either feeling or fancy might prompt.

Gifted by nature with a warm and feeling heart, a temperament thoroughly tintured with romance, a highly poetic taste, a singularly handsome person, manners not only courtly but winning, Alexander would have been captivating as a man: as an emperor he was irresistible. With a mind open to every impression, he was naturally disposed to patronize whatever seemed "lovely and of good report;" hence the readiness with which he promised aid, and often afforded it. Hence, too, the zeal with which he furthered the efforts of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and his sincere desire for the spread of the Scriptures throughout his vast dominions. But he was young, volatile, highly susceptible to all the seductions of pleasure, by which he was incessantly assailed, and which nothing but real heart-felt religion could have enabled him to resist.

In politics he wavered lamentably, and on more than one occasion his conduct appeared systematically false and treacherous; and yet, there is reason for regarding him as carried away at one time by really felt enthusiastic admiration for the talent of Napoleon, at another by the overweening imagination that his own hand could and would unravel the web, however tangled, of European politics, and elicit order out of confusion. Nay, there is ground for the belief that Napoleon's piercing judgment saw and made use of this vanity, to retain Alexander in his toils, and aloof from the Prussian court, to which he had yet so solemnly vowed himself.

But God had other designs for his well-being, and he must be humbled before he could be truly great. Of this last and most important phase of his spiritual history, Alexander himself gave account to Bishop Eylert during the Emperor's last visit to Berlin, and the Prussian prelate has given it to the world in the following terms.

The King of Prussia had caused to be erected on the Tempel-Berg (near Berlin) a monument commemorative of the national deliverance from French despotism, and the 19th of September, 1818, was the day appointed for its solemn consecration.

Among the numerous and deeply interested spectators of the imposing ceremony was Alexander I, of Russia; and

Bishop Eylert, in his capacity of Court Chaplain, gave the address, with which the Emperor was so much pleased that he solicited a copy of it, with the avowed intention of getting it translated for distribution among his own troops. The Bishop himself carried the address (as requested) to the Emperor, and thus relates the conversation which then took place, and which candidly depicts the change of mind above alluded to:

"We had yesterday a beautifully solemn service," began the Emperor, 'simple, as your king ever was, in all his doings; and yet, (like himself,) also full of deep thought and feeling. But you spoke well, reverend sir, and your discourse affected me much, especially when you said, "Oh how truly, that, not to us, but to Him who governs the world, (and here Alexander looked upward with fervent reverence,) all praise and thanksgiving are due." At the moment of our deliverance, indeed, this truth was felt and acknowledged by all; and, "It is God's doing" was the general exclamation. But such is man: already has that feeling faded; already the world begins to argue and dispute as to which army the greater share of merit in the victory belongs. Out upon the evil egoism which is ever prone to forget that all that is good emanates from God. On every occasion, whether public or private, it has been my care to declare my conviction that the whole of the mighty world-affecting train of events was the work of God's mercy and saving help; and this conviction is shared by the great majority of my people; and as it is of the utmost importance, in my eyes, to employ all suitable means to confirm and strengthen this feeling, I have desired to get possession of your address, in which, to my great satisfaction, this sentiment is fully embodied, that I may have it translated into Russ, and distributed among my soldiery, to prove to them, at least, my firm belief that without God we can do nothing, but with him, and through him, all things conducive to the well-being of individuals or of nations.'

"After a few remarks respecting the King of Prussia's excellence and religious sincerity, the Emperor proceeded. 'Ah, yes! it is a great and glorious thing to be truly religious—not merely to profess, and make a show of it to the world. But oh, how rare is real heart-felt religion! For by nature every man is an egoist—a self-seeker, pursuing nought but his own secret views, until he is changed, ay, regenerated, by Christianity. And the worst is, men hide this, not only from others but from themselves, persuading themselves that they are aiming to promote the general weal, while all the while, vanity, or ambition, or covetousness, or some other evil egoism, is the deep-seated, hidden spring of all their actions. And *this* egoism cannot be dislodged by philosophy: nay, it is rather nourished by it; for philosophy fosters the pride of understanding, and in the same proportion as it leaves the heart empty and unimproved, does it fill the head with speculation and sophistry. Man, in short, up to the time when he submits himself to the humbling and painful operation of inward purification, is an unfathomable sophist. One learns to know other men only by knowing one's self, and so, only since Christianity has become *all in all to me*, only since I have felt the subduing power of faith in my Redeemer, have I enjoyed peace of soul; and oh, how fervently do I thank God for the priceless boon!'

"These words were uttered in such a tone, and accompanied by a glance of such solemn earnestness, his hand pressing on his heart, that it was impossible to entertain a doubt of the speaker's sincerity; it was plain to me, (continues the reverend relater,) that his soul spoke: I felt, I saw it was so; and from that moment the idea of an imperial audience vanished, and the conversation be-

came to me, as doubtless it had from the first been to the Emperor, a frank interchange of Christian feeling and sentiment. My heart was deeply moved, and after a moment's pause I said, 'God hath placed your Majesty very high in this world; but, immeasurably above all the earthly greatness and glory which he hath lent to you, is the grace by which you have been enabled to "believe with the heart, and confess with the tongue, unto salvation."' Now followed a moment of silence, during which the Emperor stood with his eyes fixed on the floor; then looking up at me with mild seriousness, he said, as he laid his hand on my shoulder, and drew a long, deep sigh, 'Oh, but I did not attain to it at once. Believe me, the way thereto was beset by many a conflict, harassed by many a doubt. The Empress Catherine was a wise, talented, and great woman, and her memory must long be cherished and honoured in Russia's history; but, as regards heart religion, the education at the St. Petersburg court followed the usual routine, viz., many words, little spirit, much outward ceremonial and regularity of observance; but the sacred essence of Christianity remained hidden from us. I felt a craving want in my soul, and a sort of indistinct foreboding of higher things floated on the surface of my mind, but I dispelled it by pleasures and amusements, till it came back on me with a power I could not resist. Yes,' exclaimed the Emperor, with true oriental fervour, and in a louder tone, 'the Moscow conflagration flashed light into my soul. It was *then* that I learned to know God as revealed in the Scriptures, then that I understood, as I still understand his will, and his law as my rule and guide; and the resolve sprang up, and took root within me, to devote myself and the powers of my government wholly to the promotion of his cause in the world. *From that time* I have been a changed man, and the rescue of Europe from a destructive despotism was the appointed hour, the graciously selected instrument, chosen of God for my redemption from the spiritual bondage of sin, and my introduction into the freedom of Christ.'

It would extend this sketch of Alexander I's change of mind too far, were all Bishop Eylert relates of this memorable conversation to be recorded; but one farther particular may be noted. On the Bishop's remarking that doubtless the Emperor's zealous promotion of Bible circulation was a consequence of those now expressed views, Alexander replied, "Quite true, and in my opinion it is best to give the sacred books to the people, just as we have received them. Commentators always do, and always will, impart a colour of their peculiar views, and such human additions are best avoided. Let us allow the Bible to operate on Christians, (to whatever church they may belong,) in its own divinely appointed way, and, being God's book, its operation must be beneficial, though somewhat diverse in different individuals; for in this is seen the marvellous and surpassing greatness of the Scriptures—they effect in each mind what its idiosyncrasy requires, and produce *diversity in unity*. That is the chief thing on which depends the prosperity of Christian States. It is a principle pervading nature and traceable in history, but let us beware of subjecting it to the line and plummet of our particular age or clime. The space in which conflicting powers contend must be reckoned by *centuries*, and not by *centimes*. The incongruous theories, the conflicting assertions, those *commentaries*, as I may call them, brought forth by party spirit, interest, or prejudice, will float away, or evaporate like froth, on the tide of time; Truth alone remains. But its work is slow, and it may require ages to accomplish it, and yet, Truth ever makes good its way at last, and does not let itself be treated, as *some folks* would

tain do by the Bible, (and as he thus spoke, a slightly sarcastic smile played round the handsome mouth,) I mean have it hermetically sealed up." "The sun breaks through all clouds, sooner or later, and they who walk in his beams are the children of light."

Such were the sentiments expressed by Alexander I of Russia, on the 20th September, 1818. With these views, plans, and wishes, he returned to Russia, and strove, alas! vainly strove, to realize his designs for the temporal and spiritual emancipation of his people.

Disappointed and despairing, he, five years after, left St. Petersburg and betook himself to Taganrog, a city of some 17,000 inhabitants, (situated on the coast of the Sea of Azoph,) whose quiet seclusion and beautiful scenery attracted and fettered the refined and pomp-weary Emperor. There, during one year, he and his amiable but reserved and naturally low-spirited consort, (whose love, as well as her worth, the enthusiastically impulsive heart of the Emperor first learned, it is said, to appreciate in a retreat from which court intrigues and their infamous agents were banished,) passed a short interval of calm enjoyment and rational occupation.

From this quiet retreat Alexander ruled his immense empire, and brooded over those plans of Russian improvement which he still fondly hoped might yet be realized, either by himself or his successor; for it is believed that he designed to abdicate in favour of his brother, as soon as he should have put things in train.

The Empress Elizabeth, accustomed from childhood to the romantic beauties of Carlsruhe, and the quiet retirement of Bruchsal, had never learned either to enjoy the noisy gaieties of St. Petersburg, or to well endure its rigorous climate, with which her delicate constitution could ill cope; and it was with joyful alacrity that she even preceded the Emperor to secluded Taganrog, where she could cast off the trammels of court etiquette, and spend her time in a manner consonant to her truly religious spirit and gospel-enlightened conscience.

The house inhabited by the Imperial family would have been considered small, perhaps even inconvenient, by a private country gentleman. It contained only eight rooms, of very moderate size, and extremely simple furniture; yet in these, more real happiness seems to have been enjoyed than during all the previous years of a heartless, politically disturbed, and intrigue-embroidered court life. The Imperial table was arranged on the simplest scale, and the number of attendants made as small as possible. Government business occupied the Emperor's morning hours; the Empress, meanwhile, devoting hers to reading, writing, or needlework, surrounded by a small train of well-educated ladies, whom she loved and treated as friends and companions, while her well-disciplined mind knew nothing, even in that isolated position, of the lassitude resulting from *ennui*, and still less of the caprices often attendant on protracted sickness and nervous suffering. Their earliest morning hours, their simple meals and placid evenings, were invariably spent by the Imperial pair conjointly, and reading—the Scriptures forming, morning and evening, a never omitted part—or wandering about the lovely environs of Taganrog, filled up the day. The beauties of nature had much attraction for both; and they were seen almost daily, when the weather permitted, strolling along arm in arm to one or other of the neighbouring *points de vue*; at some of the most enjoyable of which they had caused rustic benches to be placed, where for successive hours they would sit and talk, or ponder over the past and the future.

Accustomed to note this unostentatious simplicity of life, the country folks were soon so used to the spectacle

of the Imperial family's quiet ways, that they ceased to elicit either remark or observation; and day after day passed over, as if Taganrog had always harboured, and should long retain, such beloved and honoured guests. But God had ordered it otherwise. Notwithstanding a naturally powerful frame, and singular vitality of constitution, Alexander was prematurely old, and though he had thought to recover his shattered health by a simple diet, regular hours and exercise, (it may be too much of the latter, and of too violent a nature,) a cold, caught on one of his horseback excursions, was followed by a bilious fever, which carried him off on the 1st December, 1825, in his 49th year.*

The news of this disastrous event filled the town, as well as the palace, with dismay; for Alexander was really beloved by the simple inhabitants as their "father-Emperor," and they had hoped for a long continuance of his presence among them. All the particulars of his short stay were of a nature to interest and be rehearsed to children's children; and still the traveller in those regions will find, fresh and unadulterated, the records of Imperial benevolence.

At the termination of Taganrog's chief street there stands a moderately large one-story house, the outside walls painted yellow. In this house lived and died the Emperor Alexander. The room in which he breathed his last is now a chapel; the place where his bed stood is occupied by an altar, before which is spread a carpet bound with white. Beside the altar rises a silver pillar, on which is a tablet, inscribed "19th November, 1825," (being the date, according to old style,) as the day of the Emperor's death. Immediately above the inscription hangs a picture representing the death-scene.

In one wing of this unpretending dwelling now lives as overseer a veteran of the guards; and up to 1840, when Bishop Eylert wrote, the same Cossacks who had done duty during the Emperor's residence in Taganrog, and who had escorted the lifeless remains to St. Petersburg, still possessed the privilege of mounting guard on the house once honoured, and to them hallowed by his residence. All the arrangements made by Alexander and Elizabeth as to the stone benches and tables placed at convenient resting-places, or commanding views of the sea, are guarded with the zealous care of affection, and prove that the general testimony borne to the social virtues and native amiability of the—in some respects—unfortunate Alexander have not been exaggerated.

The present Emperor of Russia, as he bears his name, has also inherited very many of his virtues, and seems determined to realize many of his plans of melioration. One mighty and long-despaired of improvement, the emancipation of the serfs, has been accomplished, and though report speaks of a hostile and revenge-breathing noblesse, we may hope a kind Providence will ward off alike the poisoned chalice and the assassin's steel—most of all, the dangerous temptations of his exalted station.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

THE landscape overlooked from the towering, tapering, and graceful spire of Salisbury Cathedral embraces perhaps as great a number of interesting points as can be found within a radius of ten miles in any other part of the kingdom. Northward lies the mysterious Stonehenge,

* The courtly Prussian prelate can scarcely be expected to notice the report current, and by many firmly believed, that the symptoms termed *Mélas* were in fact the effect of poison, to which the after death of the Grand Duke Constantine was also fearlessly assigned.

on Salisbury Plain; which is just no plain at all in the sense of being flat, but as undulating and hillocky as the face of the ocean when the storm winds are sweeping over it. On the eastern verge of the so called plain stands the village of Milston, the birthplace of Addison, who sung so finely,

"The spacious firmament on high;"

so sweetly,

"When all thy meroles, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,"

and produced, in the "Spectator," the prototype of our serial literature. Nearer, in the same general direction, is the hill of old Sarum, a fortified city in Roman, Saxon, and Norman times, the seat of a bishop's see in the mediæval age, and the scene of a farcical election down to a recent date. In the immediate neighbourhood is Stratford, the manor-house of which was for several years the residence of Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, who represented the desolate adjoining mounds in parliament—his first appearance in the senate. Westward lies Bemerton, scene of the holy life, useful ministry, and peaceful death of George Herbert. Beyond is Wilton, where carpets were first made in England; with Wilton House, "Pembroke's princely dome," reviving the memory of Sir Philip Sidney, who wrote part of his "Arcadia" there, at the request of his sister, the Countess of Pembroke. Further west is Dinton, the native place of Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, the historian of the Rebellion, and of Henry Lawes, the musician, apostrophized by Milton:

"Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent."

Some notables drew their first breath in the neat airy city itself at our feet, as Massinger the dramatist, and Harris the philologist, father of the first Lord Malmsbury, who lies buried in the cathedral.

Among the noteworthy incidents of the place we jot down the execution of the Duke of Buckingham for treason, in the reign of Richard III, mentioned by Shakespeare—

"Off with his head—so much for Buckingham."

The Duke is said to have suffered in the yard of the "Blue Boar Inn," which stood on the site of the present "Saracen's Head," where a headless skeleton, without the right hand, was exhumed in the year 1838. Pepys, in his journey from Hungerford, records that he rode many a league by the distant spire of Salisbury, which was probably raised so high to serve the purpose of a landmark, in an age when highways were few, and equally so guide-posts for travellers. That veritable gossip put up at an old hostelry, "The George," in High Street, a good fifteenth-century timber house with an outer gallery, where he fared well, and slept in a silk bed. He relates that at the Assizes, as Judge Richardson was about to pass sentence upon a man for some trifling offence, the fellow took up a stone and hurled it at him. Just at the moment the judge stooped, and the stone missed him but took off his hat, upon which he remarked, "If I had been an upright judge, I had been slain." The prisoner was at once condemned to lose his hand, and then to be hanged, which was done forthwith. Addison received his early education in the grammar school. Gay, a visitor, in a poetical epistle addressed to the Earl of Buckingham, describing his tour, states—

Here sheep the pastures hide, there harvests bend;
See Sarum's steeple o'er yon hill ascend—
Who can forsake thy walls, and not admire
The proud cathedral and its lofty spire?"

The poet noted in the town,

"Three boarding-schools well stocked with misses,"

which there were in his time; and also its cutlery, once in repute—

"What seamstress has not proved thy scissors good?"

Fielding the novelist married Miss Cradock, a Salisbury beauty. The first editions of the "Vicar of Wakefield" and "Humphrey Clinker" were printed in the city.

The story of Salisbury, or New Sarum, begins where that of its precursor, Old Sarum, closes, as an inhabited spot. The site of the latter has already been mentioned, and is described in the verse,

"Old Sarum was built on a dry barren hill,

A great many years ago;

'Twas a Roman town of strength and renown,
As its stately ruins show."

The Romans called it *Sorbidunum*, or the "dry city," a feature of the place referred to in a Latin distich, together with its exposure on a lofty eminence to the bleak blasts—

"Water's there scarce, but chalk in plenty lies,
And those sweet notes which Philomel denies,
The harsher music of the wind supplies."

Strongly fortified in after times with earthworks—it is supposed by Alfred—it became a populous city, was the resort of kings, the scene of national councils, one of which was convened by William the Conqueror, and was made a Bishop's see by transference from Sherborne in 1075. This last step led eventually to its decay and total desolation. Dissensions broke out between the military and ecclesiastical authorities; quarrels were frequent between the soldiers and the priests; till at length, warm words leading to hard blows, Bishop Poore procured the needful papal dispensation to quit the spot, and found a new cathedral elsewhere. Hence arose that of New Sarum, in 1220; and as the people followed the churchmen, hence arose Salisbury. Old Sarum, as the consequence, gradually declined to a mere stronghold, and then to a wholly unoccupied site, as it is at present, partly under cultivation, and partly in a state of nature. But long after the last house disappeared, the right of returning two members to parliament was retained, and held till the Reform Bill passed. The elections took place at a spot termed "Election Acre," where a tent was pitched for the occasion, under the branches of an elm, on the supposed site of the last dwelling. Among those who represented the deserted hill in the Legislature, with its huge grass-grown earthen ramparts—within which, in summer time, the bee flits humming from the clematis to the brier—the names of the first Pitt and John Horne Tooke occur.

Before quitting this interesting spot, a tale may be told for which the authority of chronicles might be quoted. It relates to the origin of the *Sarum Costume*, otherwise called *Secundum usum Sarum*, a form of musical service for the church. It happened that, a vacancy occurring in the abbacy of Glastonbury, within the diocese, a Norman was appointed, fresh from the fields of Normandy, who wished to introduce some foreign usages into the observed ritual. But this the monks stoutly resisted. They had, perhaps, good Saxon blood in their veins, and might be not a little chafed at being under the rule of a foreigner. In order to enforce obedience, the abbot armed his own retainers, who fell upon the refractory in the choir, and drove them to the high altar, where the latter seized upon the candlesticks, stools, and benches, with which to defend themselves. Then came whack, thwack, crack, followed by whack, thwack, crack, till the blood flowed freely, and two or three of the belligerents were killed outright. Hearing of this scandal, Osmond, Bishop of Sarum, interfered, and, to reconcile the parties, he composed a form of service as a kind of go-between. This

being adopted in his diocese, obtained the name of the "usage of Sarum." It was finally received by most choirs in England, and the phrase *Secundum usum Sarum* became a proverb for a thing done according to precedent. To this day the Bishops of Salisbury are styled the precentors of the Episcopal College.

Many and long were the cogitations of Bishop Poore, respecting where to establish the new cathedral. Some say that the site was determined by the fall of an arrow shot by a stalwart archer from the ramparts of Old Sarum. Others affirm that the Virgin Mary indicated the spot by the name of Merry-field, but without defining the situation of the place. The legend to this effect was poetically treated by Dr. Pope, during the episcopate of his friend, Seth Ward.

"One time, as the prelate lay on his down bed,
Recruiting his spirits with rest,
There appear'd, as he said, a beautiful maid,
With her own dear babe at her breast.

"To him thus she spoke (the day was scarce broke,
And his eyes yet to slumber did yield),
'Go, build me a church without any delay,
Go, build it in Merry-field.'

"He awakes and he rings; up ran monks and friars,
At the sound of his little bell:
'I must know,' said he, 'where Merry-field is;'
But not one of the crew could tell.

"Full early he rose on a morning grey,
To meditate and to walk;
And by chance overheard a soldier on guard,
As he thus to his comrade did talk:

"I will lay on the side of my good yewen bow,
That I shoot clean over the corn,
As far as that cow in yon Merry-field,
Which grazes under the thorn.'

"Then the bishop cried out, 'Where is Merry-field?'
For his mind was still on his vow;
The soldier replied, 'By the river side,
Where you see that brindled cow.'

"Upon this he declared his pious intent,
And about the indulgences ran,
And brought in the people to build a good steeple,
And thus the cathedral began."

No site could well be better, however it was selected. In a green vale bordered by breezy downs, hard by the pleasant streams of the Avon and Bourne, up rose the vast and beautiful pile, "all musical in its immensity," with its far away seen and unrivalled spire. "An instinctive taste," observes Coleridge, "teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire steeples, which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars, and sometimes, when they reflect the brazen light of a rich, though rainy sunset, appear like a pyramid of flame burning heavenward."*

The history of few ancient cathedrals is so complete as this. Elias de Derham was the architect. The stone was all obtained from the quarries of Chilmark, nine miles distant. In 1220, the reign of Henry III, it was commenced, to the great joy of the canons, who compared their late residence to "the ark of God shut up in the temple of Baalim," or "set beneath the tower of Siloam." It was completed in 1258, at the cost of 40,000 marks, equal to £26,666 13s. 4d. The plan is uniform throughout, and exhibits in perfection the pointed or early English style. Extending over so brief a period, the building seems as if it had sprung up at once, fair, fresh, and finished from the sod.

"Beautiful queen! unlike thy high compeers,
Thou wast not cradled in the lap of years;
But like celestial Pallas hymned of old,
Thy sov'ran form, inviolate and bold,

Sprung to the perfect zenith of its prime,
And took no favour from the hand of Time."

But the spire was an afterthought, added in the reign of Edward III. It is the loftiest in England, rising to the height of 400 feet, being thirty feet above St. Paul's, and seventy-four feet below Strasburg. For the last forty-two feet of height, the ascent is by means of iron rings on the outside. During holiday times, it was formerly the custom with daring spirits among the towns-people to attempt the perilous enterprise of gaining the uppermost point; and on the occasion of the visit of George III, an adventurous lad stood upon the capstone on his head. The king very properly refused to give him any reward, saying that he was bound to provide for the lives of his subjects. Great fears have been felt at times for the safety of the spire, as, owing to the settlement of the ground, it declines considerably from the perpendicular. By the advice of Sir Christopher Wren, it was strengthened with iron hoops. The recent fall of Chichester steeple naturally revived anxiety respecting this ornament of the west, and every effort will assuredly be made to preserve it from a similar fate.

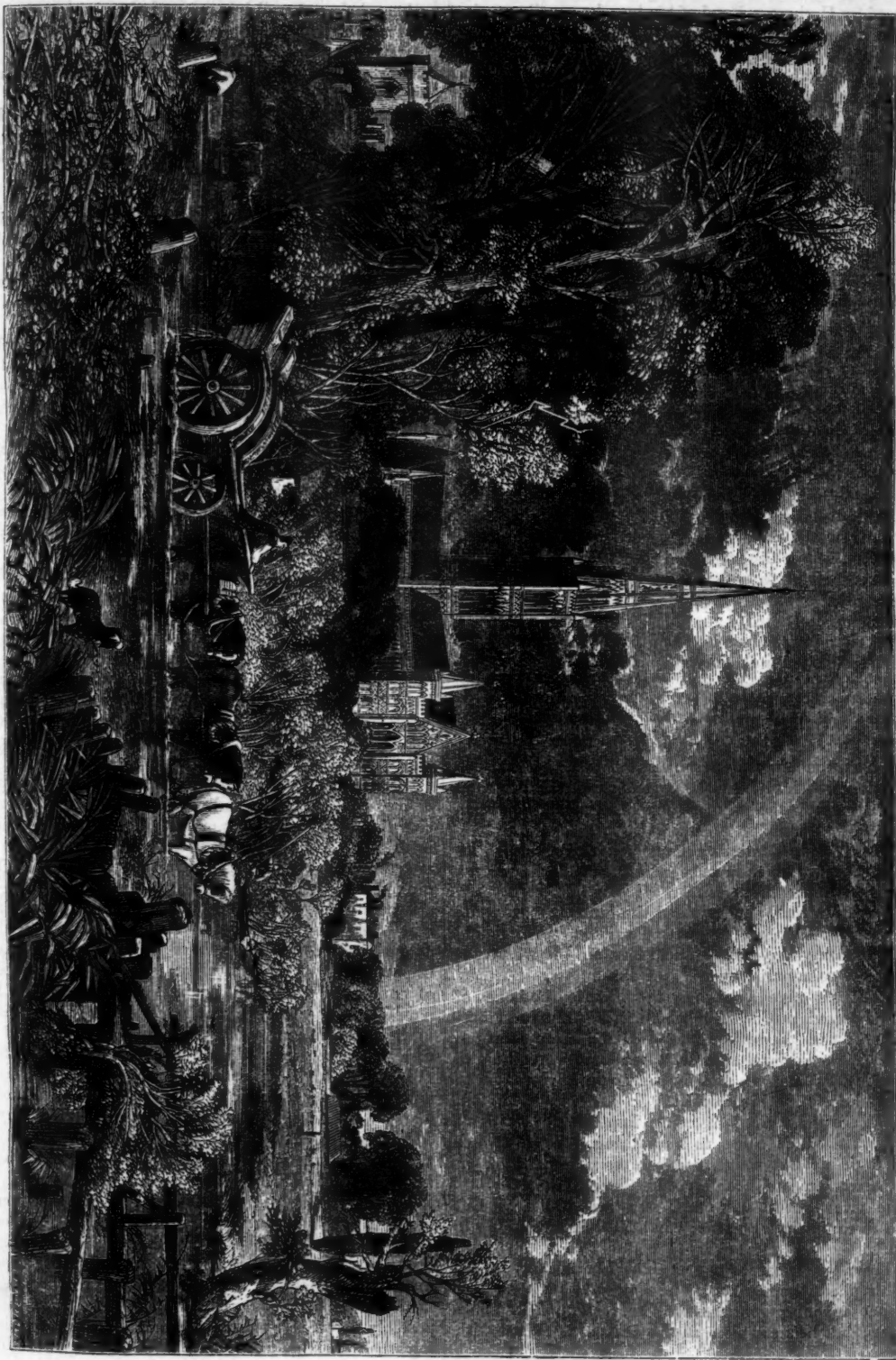
The building rises from a luxuriant greensward fringed with trees, and commands admiration by its fine dimensions, the beautiful symmetry of its outline, and daring heavenward flight, whether seen bathed in the bright sunshine or lit up by the moonlight pale. The view from the north-east is one of the best general views of any English cathedral.

"The heaven was so darkly blue, the sun so full and glowing bright,
When rose the Minster's pile, expanding in the golden light;
Seemed the cloud resplendently, like wings to bear it up away,
And on the blessed depths of heaven its spired tower to melt away."

In the entire edifice, according to Dr. Heylin, there are as many windows as days, pillars as hours, and gates as months in the year. He must have been at no little pains to find this out, and no one will probably test his accuracy, as involving a troublesome and profitless enumeration. Among the prelates who have held the see, the name of Jewel, author of the well-known "Apology," whose grave is pointed out in the north choir transept, is the most eminent, with those of Seth Ward, Burnet, Hoadley, and Shute Barrington. Lisle Bowles, the poet, was one of the canons.

Entering by the west door, a number of monuments appear, ranged in a line on either side, under the pier arches, some of which were removed from Old Sarum, and are those of early bishops. The most curious monument, found buried beneath a seat, in the year 1680, represents a boy in pontifical attire. Upon its discovery grave discussions arose respecting the intent of the effigy, but the case was at length made perfectly clear. In former times it was the custom for the boys of the choir annually to elect from their number a boy-bishop, who had that title for a certain term—about six weeks—with a dean and chancellor, and was treated with grave respect by his comrades. If he died during the period—a very rare occurrence, but which it seems did happen—he was buried in the pontifical style. Hence the effigy in question. The election took place on the day of St. Nicholas, because that saint, we are told, like Timothy, had from a child known the Holy Scriptures. The legends boldly go on to aver that the saint was not only a very good child, but a very pious baby—quite a ritualist in the cradle; for he fasted twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays, and would only suck once on those days. Therefore, it was deemed fitting to commemorate such precociousness by the election of a mock miniature prelate on the day of his festival. The custom seems to have been peculiar to Salisbury, yet had its equal in absurdity at Lincoln, where the "Feast of the Ass" was an annual celebration.

* In some such storm-gleam the eye of Constable must have caught the view of the Cathedral, now embodied in his beautiful picture.



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL. BY CORRIANT. IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1882.

We did not leave the neighbourhood without a walk of two miles, to Bemerton, along the road so often traversed by Herbert. Fond of his lute, he usually repaired twice a week to the cathedral, and would observe that the time thus spent in prayer and cathedral music elevated his soul, and was his heaven upon earth. This feeling he has expressed in his poem on church music:

"Sweetest of sweets, I thank you; when displeasure
Did through my body wound my mind,
You took me hence, and in your house of pleasure
A dainty lodging me assigned."

But thirty years ago, no memorial* of this excellent man and sacred poet was to be found at Bemerton; no traditions of him were met with; and the parish clerk had not even heard of his name. Yet, though "the righteous perisheth and no man layeth it to heart," in no single instance will the truth fail, "Verily, there is a reward for the righteous; there is a God that judgeth on the earth."

LEDESDALE GRANGE.

A TALE OF COAL-FIELDS AND CORN-FIELDS.

CHAPTER III.—CORN-FIELDS IN SHADE—MR. RIVERS BIDS FAREWELL TO HIS RURAL PARISH OF STILLORGAN.

"A FINE evening, Edmeads."

"Rather wet, sir, isn't it?" Farmer Edmeads would have been nearer the truth had he said *very* wet; but he was a respectful though a sturdy yeoman, and withal possessed of a strong reverence for "the cloth," as at present impersonated.

The vicar laughed as he recognised his blunder, and rejoined, "To judge from your outer man—and I suppose from mine too—it is, as you say, rather wet; but you see my wits are apt to go wool-gathering a little just at present."

"And more's the pity for the reason, sir," replied the farmer, as, touching his large straw hat, he seemed disposed to give Mr. Rivers the benefit of his further company. "More's the pity for the reason, as all the parish says, and justly too."

"Thank you, Edmeads; thank you all very much indeed; though you cannot be more sorry to let me go, than I am to part from you."

"We know that, sir," rejoined the farmer; "we quite believe it." Then, after a pause, he added: "We should think less on your going—a deal less, sir—if we was at all sure of your predecessor."

Mr. Rivers gave a passing thought to the bones of that respected predecessor, which with the "rude forefathers of the hamlet" had reposed for more than ten years; then said with a smile, "I suppose you allude to young Mr. Aitcheson; but I think you have reason to be very hopeful on his account."

"We are most tired of being hopeful, sir; it don't satisfy without it come to something; we've always been hopeful; but we've not had very good luck in that particular, you'll confess, Mr. Rivers."

The vicar shook his head. "I fear you have had cause to complain," he said; "but I think Mr. Young is liked."

"Tharn't a word to say against Mr. Young in his self," replied the farmer; "he's as well behaved and pleasant a young gentleman as ever stepped in shoe-leather; but he's too slow in the desk, sir. What with

being myself naturally of a restive habit, and having the service pretty nigh off heart, why, I'm down in a column where he's not well begun; and there's my mind agape the rest of it."

"Well," said Mr. Rivers, "that's your fault. But you cannot complain that the one before him read too slowly."

"There's a go-between style which I admire," he replied, "and which, I may make free to say, you, sir, have just hit right across; but it takes more than that to make a good parson."

"A little more," said Mr. Rivers.

"It does, sir; and it stumbles me what Oxford College, and Cambridge College, and all the other colleges are about, that they don't make more of 'em."

"Learning won't make a good parson, Edmeads, any more than good reading; though both are good in their own way."

"You're about right there, sir; it's the internal economy must be set straight first, and the rest will follow after in due course." And, having delivered himself of this eloquent but somewhat ambiguous sentence, the farmer touched his hat again and departed.

"Tell your wife," said Mr. Rivers, by way of adieu, "that I shall come to pay my respects to her teapot and syllabub before I go."

"I hope you will, indeed, sir; it's what we expect. I guess it aint too much syllabub you'll get where you are going."

When the farmer was out of sight, the smile left Mr. Rivers' countenance, and an expression of sadness took its place. Seating himself upon the nearest stile, and, quite regardless of the rain, which was still falling, he looked round upon the place, so long his home, and which, as such, he was leaving for ever. He had never before realized how hard the parting would be; but ten years is time enough to attach any attachable person to a far less attractive residence than was the pretty, quiet, old-fashioned village of Stillorgan.

Situated not thirty miles from London, and within six of a railway station, it had yet retained more of its primitive simplicity than most of our villages can lay claim to, in this bustling, go-a-head nineteenth century. Its yeomen were not gentlemen; and the farmers' daughters milked their own cows. It is true that in one shop—the aristocratical shop of the place—a plate-glass window had lately been introduced, evidencing thereby fashionable aspirations on the part of its owner; but this had been regarded as an innovation. And though the people of Stillorgan gradually began to take a pride in their plate-glass, and to bring their friends to look and share in their admiration, yet it was generally understood that many such new-fangled artifices could not be tolerated.

How constantly we read of beauties whose charms are never fully appreciated till they are found bathed in tears! We do not often meet with such, for many excellent reasons, but that is not to the point; Mr. Rivers thought, as the watery landscape lay stretched before him, that never before had it looked so lovely. Yet there was nothing striking about the prospect—only a pretty English scene. The season had been unusually dry, and the thirsty earth was eagerly drinking in the drops which fell. The parched-up leaves were expanding in newly-restored vigour; the fields and hedges sent forth a rich delicious perfume; and the birds, though possibly deterred by fears of hoarseness from expressing their feelings in a loud burst of song, were interchanging congratulations in a sweet under-note of gladness. From his present position Mr. Rivers could see the spire of the venerable old church in which, for so

* A worthy memorial has since been erected in the new church at Bemerton, to which the late lamented Lord Herbert was a chief contributor. See "A Visit to Bemerton" in "Sunday at Home," No. 417.

many years, his words had been listened to with affection and respect. The village was hidden from his view by a thick cluster of oak and beech; but the curling smoke rising above the trees told where it stood; and over and anon a burst of laughter, or a shout more mirthful than melodious, proclaimed that four had struck, and that the village children were let loose from school. Mr. Rivers fell into a reverie, which his dog, as he could not share in it, very much regretted, feeling that the present state of atmosphere demanded, both for his master and himself, a much more lively course of exercise. Soon, however, a smart stroke was laid upon that master's shoulder, and a brisk voice sounded in his ears.

"That's friendly indeed of you, Rivers; quite what I should have expected from your professions of regard."

The vicar looked up and saw the village doctor, his broad jovial face extended to its utmost stretch.

"Now, do you know, I've not had an out-and-out case of rheumatic fever for these months past, and was getting quite dejected, when, lo! I find a patient ready cut and wet for me, in the shape of my reverend and sober-minded pastor."

"Don't hope it, Hewitt," was the reply; "you have only triumphed over me once, and that by the basest stratagem on your part. I am proof against you now."

"Well, what are you doing on your damp pedestal?—chewing the cud of sweet and bitter thing-em-bobs?"

"All bitter to-day," was the answer.

"All bitter! Then you may fling in a yellow jaundice after the fever. And now, where are you going?" as, descending from his stile, the vicar shook himself like a Newfoundland dog, and stretched his stiffened limbs.

"I have been paying *demis-farewells* all day—not a very exhilarating process—and am going now to look in at the Dales. Come with me—you may as well."

"As far as the door, and there I take my leave of you," said the doctor.

"Why not come in?"

"Why, you see, I am not up in topics. Not being a fellow of ready parts, it takes me time to brush up conversation for that worthy old pair, and I exhausted a large fund last week."

The point of destination was speedily attained; so, with a grip of the hand which made his friend's eyes water, and a laughing "Commend me to the fair Celia," the doctor went his way.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale were a comfortable worthy old couple, to whom Mr. Rivers had a heart-felt attachment, and with whom he had been wont to hold sweet converse on the best subjects. Celia, their domestic, was also one of the excellent of the earth, and had grown old in the service of her beloved master and mistress. A visit from Mr. Rivers was always pleasant; but as he took tea with the Dales that evening for the last time, the genuine sorrow for the coming separation made them all unusually sad and silent. After commending his worthy friends to God's keeping, Mr. Rivers proceeded on his walk.

An hour had produced a pleasurable change in the scene before him. The rain had quite ceased, and the bright rays of sunlight had called forth a magnificent rainbow, in whose gigantic span the whole village, church and all, were encircled. Mr. Rivers came up to where the road was crossed by the village brook, now much swollen by the heavy rain; and for several minutes he stood upon the little wooden bridge, gazing upon a pleasant picture of country life.

The "bow of promise!" There is something in the sight of a beautiful rainbow which, even in these matter-of-fact days, can awaken in most some slight

thrill of emotion; and are there not many who, in times of care, anxiety, or sorrow, have seen it rise with something of the hope and confidence enjoyed by him to whom it once was said by the great Father, "I do set my bow in the cloud; and I will remember the covenant."

"It be a fine sight, b'aint it, sir?" was the hearty encomium passed by an old labouring man, who was standing on the bridge as the clergyman came up.

"A glorious sight, Rogers, and should waken in us some glorious thoughts of the Being who deigns to call that bow his token of the covenant between him and us."

"That's true, sir," said the old man; "we didn't ought to forget the Giver in any of his gifts; leastways of all in that he sends to put us special in mind of him."

Passing up the village, Mr. Rivers found the church doors open; and the thought of his "last Sunday" so close at hand, induced him to turn in and take a solitary survey. It was quite a rustic building, very old, but with few beauties of ancient architecture to recommend it. Mr. Rivers was a man of refined, rather fastidious taste, and there were many points about the church which had often sorely displeased and troubled him; but on that evening all was right in his eyes. Yes, even the clumsy, uncomfortable, rickety old pulpit, stuck up against a window, through which the wind came in and blew about his sermon leaves; the little gallery through which psaltery, dulcimer, and "all kinds of music," had so long assailed his ears; the simple unstained east window, with the yew tree grimly looking in;—he could have wished nothing different. The plain wooden pews recalled vividly the forms of those who, week after week, had been associated by him each in his own appropriated sitting. Some with whom those seats had once been associated were now lying in the churchyard; and others, he felt, would be laid beside them before many months had passed. Had he dealt faithfully with all, while yet opportunity was given? Had he indeed been "*wise* in winning souls?" This was not the first time the question had pressed home on Mr. Rivers; but in seasons of parting, conscience generally makes its voice be pretty loudly heard. Before he left the church, the old clerk had appeared, to lock everything up for the night. His office had been filled successively by grandfather, father, and son; but the "son" was now himself a grandfather, and had hair as white as snow. He and his clergyman were great friends; the latter had long tried hard to convince him that "wanity," "ricked," and "world" were not proper pronunciations as at present recognised; but he had given it up now as a hopeless case, and, indeed, from long association, almost began to look upon them as correct versions.

The old clerk walked beside Mr. Rivers to the vicarage; and the little village children ran after them with flowers in their hands, and pressed them upon the clergyman; "for mammy says," cried out one little light-haired sun-burnt favourite of his, "that it's never a posy you'll ever get again when once you've left us all here." And on that day fortnight he did leave them all, and went where "*posies*" were by no means equally abundant.

DEFENCES OF ENGLAND.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS.

THE defenceless state of the United Kingdom has long been before the public. Perhaps the Duke of Wellington was the first, after the Peninsular war, to bring the question prominently forward, and endeavour to arouse the nation from the sleep of security into which it had fallen; to a sense of its dangerous position. Other public

men followed his example at intervals, among whom figured Sir Francis Bond Head, and, about three years since, the country was inundated with pamphlets sounding the alarm of a French invasion. A leading journal satirically remarked, that, had the French intended to invade England, they would have found half a dozen well-digested schemes for doing so from the pens of English writers.

The upshot has been the appointment of a royal commission, composed of naval and military officers of high rank and well-known ability, with Mr. Fergusson (the author of a peculiar system of fortification) to examine all plans, designs, etc., of works existing or in progress, especially those which protected our arsenals, dockyards, and harbours. The commission were also instructed to suggest the means of placing the kingdom in a state of defence, and rendering it secure from an attack both by sea and land, due regard being had to the small force of artillery annually voted by Parliament.

In a long Report, laid before the House of Commons in 1860, their proceedings are detailed. Their conclusions were, 1st, that England could not be defended by a fleet *alone*, since, amongst other reasons, the system of naval warfare had in the last forty years been completely changed. The introduction of steam had brought that superior seamanship, for which the British navy is renowned, almost to a level with that of other nations: added to this, unforeseen circumstances might prevent a fleet assembling at a particular spot at a given time, or it might be irremediably damaged by a storm, and a foreign power could then throw a large army upon our shores before the fleet could interfere; for, in the words of Lord Palmerston, "steam has bridged the channel."

2nd. That although the volunteers are in a measure useful, they could not be expected to oppose with success the highly-trained soldiers of Continental armies.

3rd. That, to increase the standing forces to the numbers which would be necessary to hold a hostile enemy in check would be too expensive a measure. Details are gone into, and show, that to add 66,000 men (about the required number, were the land forces *only* to be depended upon,) to the army, the first cost would be eight millions, and involve an *annual* expenditure of nearly four millions. For these reasons, and bearing in mind the insular position of the United Kingdom, the commission have recommended that the extensive arsenals, dockyards, and harbours at Woolwich, Chatham, Sheerness, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Pembroke, Portland, Dover, and Cork, should be protected by fortifications, and, as far as possible, rendered impregnable. The amount asked for is rather more than ten millions—a large sum—but a very trifling per centage for preservation from the horrors of invasion. It should be remembered that extensive accommodation will be afforded in the forts to the army, and the necessity for the construction of expensive barracks in various parts of England must almost cease.

The proposal has been adopted by Parliament, the money voted, land purchased, and designs for the whole of the works prepared, and many of them are in progress. The recent affair of the "Merrimac" and the "Monitor," in which the projectiles from the guns fell harmlessly upon the iron-plated vessel, has, however, caused the construction of some of the forts to be suspended. We live in an age of change. Hardly had the astonishment at the result of the naval engagement ceased, than the superiority of guns on shore over iron-plated vessels was made patent by the following experiment at Shoeburyness, on the 11th April, 1862. A target, representing the section of the "Warrior," covered with four and a half inch wrought iron plates, and backed with ten inches

of solid teak, was placed two hundred yards from the battery. Two cast-iron 156 pounds shot, with a charge of 40 pounds of powder, were fired at it; although the plates were unbroken, some of them were bulged in, many of the rivets and bolts started, and some of the backing broken. Two shots of like weight, with a charge of 50 pounds of powder, were fired at another part of the target. They completely penetrated the iron plates and teak backing. These experiments have clearly demonstrated that had the "Warrior," in action, been exposed to such a fire, her decks would have been covered with wounded and dead, if she had even been able to remain afloat. The recent capture of New Orleans by the partially iron-plated Federal fleet is a startling feature in modern warfare. If we can believe American accounts, the cannon of the forts offered but little resistance to the passage of the fleet.

Former experiments had been made against a martello tower with a 40-pounder 6-inch gun, and 7-inch howitzer of Armstrong's pattern, at a range of 1032 yards. After 33 shot had been fired, (31 hitting,) the walls were breached. After 172 shot and shell had been fired against it, (151 hitting,) the tower was virtually destroyed. I do not remember the time the experiment occupied; but each of the guns could have been readily loaded, aim taken, and fired three times in two minutes, or, if obliged to be kept up for some time, at the rate of forty rounds per hour. The tower was of good brick-work, although the mortar was badly mixed, and of the following dimensions—height, 32 feet; diameter at base, 45 feet; thickness of wall at base, 7 feet 10½ inches; thickness at top, 5 feet 9½ inches. It is a curious fact, discovered by experiment at Shoeburyness, that the penetration of an Armstrong shot or shell into a bank of earth is less than that of a round shot or shell of equal weight, as the Armstrong projectiles, on striking the earth, turn with the points downwards, and so present a greater comparative surface to the resisting medium than the spherical. However, the Armstrong shells contain more powder than their spherical rivals, and will destroy an earthen parapet in a shorter time.

The defence of England may for the present be considered in abeyance.* It is thought, in scientific circles, that in the end "iron forts" will supersede all others. Designs for some have been already prepared. They do not materially differ in form from those of earth and stone. Their prominent feature consists in their being formed of wrought-iron plates, about ten or twelve inches thick, bolted together, and supported, at intervals of twelve feet, by cast-iron pillars. Their designer claims for them the advantage of entirely securing their defenders from the effects of artillery and rifles. Probably, their expense would not exceed that of a fort of the present style, as little foundation would be required, and the iron would not cost more than fifteen pounds per ton, which may be set off against the earth, stone, and brick of the other. The "iron fort" also occupies less space than any other kind. The great difficulty appears to be a secure manner of bolting the plates together.

Much surprise has been felt that the defenceless state of London received so little attention from the commission. It is apparent, if the capital of the country fell, the nation would be paralyzed, and perhaps never recover the blow. The commission accounts for its apparent apathy, by pleading that the defence of London was not brought directly under its notice. Projects are not, how-

* A second Report of the Commissioners on National Defences, with the light of American experiences, while recommending floating batteries, urges the necessity for land forts with guns of vast power for the defence of the great arsenals.

ever, wanting for the defence of the capital. One from the pen of Sir J. Burgoyne was published a few months since in the "Cornhill Magazine."

A point of great importance, strongly recommended by the commission, appears to have been abandoned—the formation of an inland arsenal for the manufacture of munitions of war. An eligible site, after long search, was found at Channock Chase, in Staffordshire. The land (being moorland) would not be expensive, and, in the words of the commission, "so very central with reference to seaports, while it is at the same time well retired from the coast." In the vicinity of railways and canals, it could easily be connected with the great towns and seaports of the kingdom. Channock Chase is a healthy district, and abounds with good building stone and clay for brickmaking. It is amply supplied with water, and within easy reach of the chief coal fields of Staffordshire. It is not, however, considered desirable to add to the present Government manufactories. Although articles can be manufactured in them at a less cost than in those of private individuals, the policy of the Government is not to enter too greatly into competition with private firms.

In the course of their investigations, the commissioners collected much valuable information as to the local resources of Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham, the time they could hold out if suddenly invested by an enemy, and how far they are dependent upon the surrounding neighbourhood for their support. Portsmouth seems to be almost entirely dependent for supplies of flour and cattle upon the inland villages and towns in its immediate neighbourhood, and upon Ireland for salt provisions, but could hold out three weeks without inconvenience. Plymouth and Chatham are similarly dependent upon the surrounding neighbourhood. The former could only hold out five weeks, and the latter ten days, unless the inhabitants were put on short allowance; but, with a day or two's notice, they could draw in sufficient supplies from the contiguous counties for three months' consumption.

Let us all trust that the schemes which are being carried out may, as the commission expect, "place the power of this country for self-defence on a par with its other elements of greatness and strength, give security to its industry and commerce, afford a guarantee for the maintenance of peace, and add a new glory to her Majesty's reign."

HISTORY OF THE SHORT-TIME MOVEMENT IN THE LONDON BUILDING TRADE.

BY GEORGE POTTER, SECRETARY TO THE TRADES' COMMITTEES.

Few persons in the middle-classes have become thoroughly acquainted with the facts connected with the London builders' struggle of 1859-60, yet the history is a remarkable narrative, and the readers of the tale entitled "A Life's Secret,"* in "The Leisure Hour," have already seen it employed in imaginative literature.

Public opinion for several past years has grown more and more favourable to a diminution in the hours of labour. Humane men have long thought that persons engaged in many avocations were over-wrought. This evil is not exhibited so much in the over-production of a life, as in daily over-time. The man does not make more goods in his lifetime because he toils too many hours in a multitude of weeks. He deteriorates rapidly in body and mind; therefore the man's life achieves more

evil and less good to the world than it would have produced by short and steady hours of labour. Edwin Chadwick, Esq., C.B., says, "There is no better standard of the physical and social condition of any class of people than the mortality prevailing, and the comparative average of the length of life." He gives the average age of all classes in the large manufacturing towns as follows:—"Gentry, 43 years; tradesmen, 19 years; operatives, 16 years."* These figures show how greatly death and life are influenced by wages and work. The early deaths of the operative classes, and the length of days amongst the rich, prove the existence of some influences in favour of the wealthy, and of some obstacles to longevity among the working classes. When statistics of this description are widely published, working men naturally seek relief. They desire to share in the general prosperity, and of late years their efforts have been directed to the reduction of time rather than the increase of wages.

The short-time movement in the building trade has been before the public upwards of four years. The workmen considered their hours of labour exhaustive of their physical energy, and unfavourable to intellectual progress. They agreed upon an effort to shorten working time, and fixed upon a nine-hours' day. The phrase includes nine hours' actual work: time for breakfast and dinner, and walking to and from work, are all excluded from these nine hours. The building operative labours hard. From the nature of his engagements he often walks far to and from his work. This additional fatigue is almost peculiar to his trade; his labour is not stationary, and he cannot arrange always to shift his home so as to be near his work. In many districts of London expensive houses extend for miles, where no working-man can live; they must be built, however, and working-men must walk from home and to home during the process. The average distance that a building operative travels to his work in London, is about three miles every morning, and he returns over the same ground at night. He has therefore to add two hours' walking to ten hours' working, making together twelve hours of very hard work on each day, broken into parts by breakfast and dinner-time. Thus the building operative must usually reckon on being absent from his home fourteen hours each day. In winter he leaves home long before day-dawn, and he returns home long after night-fall; he becomes a comparative stranger to his children, who see him not, and lose the benefit of paternal control, unless on Saturday evenings and on the Sabbath.

This system will surely be admitted to be injurious both to body and mind. Ordinary men cannot apply themselves to any intellectual pursuit after fourteen hours of hard labour. Giants of intellect may work occasionally by day and night, but average men cannot endure perpetual toil. All heads of families should have, in our opinion, a few hours daily for the domestic superintendence of their children, and those intellectual and moral pursuits that distinguish civilized from savage men. That some men might make wrong use of their leisure time can be no argument against the boon being granted to those who wish to use it aright.

THE AGITATION.

"The Short-time Movement" has been in agitation for upwards of four years. (From what has been already said, the reader will understand that the "short-time" means only one hour gained—no unreasonable desire in men who are absent from their home fourteen hours out of twenty-four). A meeting of delegates from the carpenters

* We give insertion to Mr. Potter's statement, in order that all aspects of the case may be fairly presented to our readers.—Ed. L. H.

and joiners of London was held on the 12th of January, 1858, to consider the propriety of reducing the hours of labour in that branch of the building trade. After a series of well-attended district meetings, an aggregate meeting of the trade was held on the 3rd of June, 1858, at Exeter Hall, when a memorial was adopted and sent to the Master Builders' Society, who received a deputation from the carpenters and joiners at the Free Masons' Tavern, on the 26th of August. The masters replied to the memorial in the following terms:—"That there was nothing in the circumstances of the present times to warrant the concession; but they were bound to say that the question had been brought forward and discussed in a very creditable manner, by those who had appeared as its advocates." This answer did not suppress the movement, for the masons and bricklayers immediately joined the carpenters, and were soon followed by the plasterers and painters. On the 9th of September, 1858, a conference of seven delegates from each of these five branches was held, and the following memorial was adopted and forwarded to the Master Builders' Society, and to every employer in the building trade:—

A MEMORIAL TO THE MASTER BUILDERS OF LONDON AND ITS VICINITY.

"Gentlemen—We, the operative carpenters and joiners, stonemasons, bricklayers, plasterers and painters, beg to lay before you this memorial, praying for a reduction in the hours of labour.

"From daily experience in our avocations we are convinced that, owing to excessive hours of labour, our worth as artisans is depreciated, both in a mental and physical point of view.

"We justify ourselves in taking this position, on the ground of our having an equal right to share with other workers that large amount of public sympathy which is being now so widely extended in the direction of shortening the hours of labour.

"The fact is well known that the present hours for working are too many, to afford either rest from exhaustion or time to improve the intellect, so as to acquire the knowledge and skill requisite for the rapid progress of invention; that continuous exertion without recreation must engender those evils we deplore; that, owing to this continuous exertion, premature incapability must necessarily ensue, whereby our value in the field of labour is materially affected, and we ourselves are eventually left a heavy burden upon the public.

"Farther, gentlemen, your memorialists regard this question as a purely public one: a question which does not in the remotest degree affect the employers' profits, other than it has a tendency to increase them; and the public, benefiting, as it does, by the introduction of machinery, will not, we feel assured, deny to us, under your sanction, a like participation.

"The object we are desirous of attaining by this memorial is a concession from our employers of one hour per day, and the present rate of wages to continue; by such a concession you will relieve your memorialists from the evils they at present suffer, and yourselves from those future evils consequent upon our own.

"We beg leave also to suggest that the employers will do well to have regard, in all their future contracts, to the nine hours per day; for we are so sanguine as to consider the consummation of our desire inevitable.

"Trusting, gentlemen, that our memorial will receive that consideration which is due to our wants, in the wish of yours respectfully, the carpenters and joiners, stonemasons, bricklayers, plasterers and painters.

"Signed, on behalf of the Trade Committees,

"GEORGE POTTER, Secretary."

This memorial obtained no reply, and a request by the masons, carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers, and painters, to be heard by deputation, was refused by the master builders. The workmen held several meetings at Exeter Hall subsequent to this refusal, and at one of these meetings, held on January 26th, 1859, they agreed again to request an answer to their memorial sent in September, but still unanswered. A letter was accordingly forwarded to the Master Builders' Society, (but not until the 19th of March,) to which the men sought some answer. The executive committee of the men were acquainted with the fact that the master builders had read the report of the meeting, and the resolution to forward this letter in January. They also expected that a meeting of the masters' Society would be held early in April, and, not wishing to cause any inconvenience to the employers by frequent correspondence on the subject, they did not forward the letter until the date mentioned. In consequence of this letter, the Master Builders' Society convened a meeting of all the employers in the London building trade, at the "Freemasons' Tavern," on the 20th of April, at which two resolutions were adopted to the effect, "That if they acceded to the request of the men, much inconvenience would result, as it would involve the stoppage of their machinery, plant, and cattle." The workmen, in reading these resolutions, concluded that their employers felt more interest in the profit from their machinery, their plant, and their cattle labour, than in the health, the morals, and the social welfare of the human beings engaged on their works.

THE STRIKE.

The committee having discovered that no satisfactory reply could be obtained from the Master Builders' Society, recommended the men to memorialize their respective employers individually, and decided to place before the societies and shops the question whether they should continue to agitate for the nine hours, or again request the master builders to concede it. The leaders of the Union have been frequently charged with forcing the men forward in this movement; and yet this question was submitted to the decision of the men by ballot. The ballot was not confined to the societies, for non-society men voted on the question as well as the society men; and the result gave a large majority in favour of pressing the demand.

The men of several firms then presented to their different employers memorials asking for the nine hours as a day's work, but they did not meet with that courteous treatment which the operatives were entitled to expect; for their applications were either harshly and rudely answered, or treated with contemptuous silence. These requests were presented by deputations, and in several instances the men who formed the deputations were discharged, and thus, as far as the firms memorialized were concerned, deprived of their means of support. This conduct of the master builders was considered tyrannical and unjust toward the particular men who were discharged, and an insult to the building operatives generally, who naturally sympathized with the victims.

On the 22nd of July, 1859, a deputation of Messrs. Trollope's men waited upon these gentlemen, and respectfully solicited an answer to the memorial which had been previously forwarded to the firm. One of the men, a mason, who appeared to be the more prominent member of the deputation, was immediately discharged, and the masons who were then working with him for Messrs. Trollope, on a job at Knightsbridge, resolved to strike work until their representative should be taken on again. The masons were joined during the day by the carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers, and painters, who were working

at the same job. When the secretary of the movement was during the day made acquainted with this step, he waited upon the men who had struck, and recommended them to resume work, until the committee should meet and consider the course necessary to adopt in the matter; but the men refused. On the same evening the executive committee met, and, feeling themselves bound to protect a man who suffered only for performing a duty imposed upon him by his fellow-workmen, they concurred in the course taken by Messrs. Trollope's workmen at Knightsbridge, and advised all the building operatives in the firm to abstain from work until the man discharged was taken back, and until the adoption of the nine hours' system by the firm. On the 25th of July, 1859, all the men in the employment of Messrs. Trollope, without any exception, left the firm.

THE LOCK-OUT.

A Central Association of Master Builders was immediately formed, comprising many of the largest firms in the metropolis, who sympathized with the Messrs. Trollope, and approved the course they had taken. This Association of Master Builders threatened to close their premises, and lock out all their men unless Messrs. Trollope's hands returned to their work. On the 26th of July, a meeting of the Central Association of Master Builders was held in the "Freemasons' Tavern," Henry Loe, Esq. in the chair, and the meeting resolved, "That it is the opinion of this meeting that the metropolitan builders are compelled to close their establishments, on Saturday, August 6th, unless Messrs. Trollope's men return to work." The workmen's committee had no power to compel four hundred workmen to resume their employment, even if they had dissented from the course taken, and they called an open-air meeting in Hyde Park, which took place on the 3rd of August.

At least 60,000 persons attended this open-air demonstration, the largest ever held in London, and remarkable for the peaceable demeanour and order observed. Resolutions were passed, condemning the conduct of the associated builders in threatening to lock out the men who had no concern in the strike at Messrs. Trollope's, for it should be observed, that many men thus threatened with idleness were not even members of any society, and had no further apparent connection with the quarrel than the justifiable desire that nine hours' labour might replace ten hours'.

On the 6th of August, the associated masters, in pursuance of their threat, closed their shops, and turned on the streets over ten thousand workmen. The "Times" of August 8th, thus describes the "lock-out." "On Saturday, at three o'clock, the operatives in the building trade, engaged at most of the large establishments in the metropolis, ceased work and began to collect their tools, previous to quitting their employment at four o'clock, the masters having determined to close their establishments unless the men would pledge themselves not to belong to a trade society; and the men, declining to give this undertaking, considered their engagement to be at an end. The men carried out their proceedings, as far as we have been able to learn, in a cool, orderly, and systematic manner. The master builders have incurred censure from a good many quarters, for having formed themselves into an association to resist the demand of the men, and it has been pointed out that they lay themselves open very much in this respect."

It must not be forgotten that the societies had made no payment to Messrs. Trollope's men from their funds. A voluntary subscription had been made by many men, on the single intervening Saturday between the strike at Messrs. Trollope's and the "lock-out;" but there was no

grant from the funds and no levy from the members of the societies.

The employers closed their shops for five weeks, from the 6th of August to the 12th of September. During that period their gates were never opened, although they were informed by the Messrs. Trollope of their ability to resume business, and although, by this policy, over 5000 non-society men were deprived of employment.

THE DOCUMENT.

At the expiration of five weeks, the employers announced the intention of opening their shops, on conditions set forth in a paper, known during the controversy as the "document," which the men were requested to sign before they were allowed to resume work. We give a copy of the paper.

COPY OF THE DOCUMENT.

No. _____
I declare that I am not now, nor will I during the continuance of my engagement with you, become a member of, or support, any society which directly or indirectly interferes with the arrangement of this or any other establishment, or the hours or the terms of labour, and that I recognise the right of employers and employed individually to make any trade engagement on which they may choose to agree.
Dated this _____ day of _____, 1859.

This is read over to the workman who will pledge his word to abide by it, and the body of the check is then handed to him; the counterfoil being retained in the book.

This document contained a surrender of the legal and natural rights of the men, pledging them to give up all deliberation and all united action with respect to time and wages; but the associated masters agreed to enforce this pledge, and to refuse employment to all workmen who declined to debar themselves of their rights. The men believed that this conduct of the employers was illegal, and their opinion was confirmed by one of the Queen's Counsel and by several barristers. These gentlemen stated that the master builders pursued not only a harsh and unjustifiable, but an *illegal* course; because, in thus endeavouring to over-ride and set aside the law, they committed an illegal conspiracy.

For upwards of three weeks, after the employers opened their shops, very few men resumed work under the document. The master builders discovered that they had gone too far; public opinion pronounced against them, and the press was almost unanimous in condemning the "document," which was subsequently modified into a "declaration;" the difference between the two being, that by the former the workman was requested to sign a pledge not to belong to a trade society, whereas by the latter his *verbal promise* to this effect was to be deemed sufficient. But the men were not duped by this distinction. The "declaration" and the "document" experienced the same reception. All classes of working men united in reprobating the conduct of the masters, and in aiding the "locked-out" operatives. From all parts of the country contributions were sent in support of the men.

The workmen's committee, anxious to close the struggle, informed the employers that the men were willing to resume work, if the employers would withdraw the "declaration;" but the latter refused to hold any communication with the committee. In the course of the struggle, several gentlemen in no way connected with the operatives, but convinced that they were harshly treated by the employers, offered their services as mediators, but the master builders refused to submit the question to arbitration.

THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE STRIKE AT TROLLOPES'.

Throughout the whole of the dispute the workmen conducted the struggle in a perfectly legal and constitutional manner. That some few individuals may have exposed themselves to just censure, is not surprising; but the general good conduct of the men was undeniable. Peace, law, and order, were most scrupulously respected by them, and every act of intimidation was discountenanced by the responsible representatives of the Trades. The demand for nine hours as a day's work was now subordinate to the defeat of the "document," and on the 14th of November, 1859, the workmen's committee determined to withdraw the strike at the Messrs. Trollopes', in order successfully to oppose the "document." Accordingly a deputation, consisting of five of the old hands, waited upon the Messrs. Trollope, and informed them that the men would return to work if they would withdraw the "document." Messrs. Trollope informed the deputation that they could not do anything until they had consulted the Central Association of Master Builders, which they promised to do at once; but the employers still refused to withdraw the "document," and persisted in enforcing it during the winter months.

ABANDONMENT OF THE DOCUMENT.

Only a small per centage of the operative builders, however, accepted the "document." The great majority of the workmen persevered in their opposition to it, and determined to resist its enforcement to the last extremity. As the spring of 1860 advanced, the workmen's committee determined to make another appeal to the country for further support, but they were prevented from bringing their renewed efforts into play, by an announcement in the "Times," on the 7th of February, that the Central Association of Master Builders had abandoned the "document." The men now resumed work, and readily found employment.

In conclusion, we would reiterate that the object the men had in view was to obtain more time for rest, recreation, and intellectual improvement. They wished to obtain this without loss to their employers, believing that more work is done on the average in short than in long hours of labour; that is, one hundred men working nine hours for six days would do more work than ninety men working ten hours for six days, so that in a pecuniary point the masters would not lose much. During the struggle, the men elected their own officers, and these were paid at moderate wages, no person engaged receiving more than six shillings per day—which consisted very frequently of sixteen hours. The secretary gave his services gratuitously during the time the shops were closed, and, with the men, endured the loss. The men always decided important questions, either by a show of hands or by ballot, each being free to vote, society or non-society men, and each at liberty to propose any resolution. The suffering that prevailed during the contest has been greatly exaggerated; it is true that many men suffered rather than sign that "document," but there was no want of bread, no starvation, and no death from starvation during the protracted dispute. Many impostors made a good harvest by pretending to be in want, and announcing that they belonged to the building trade and were "locked out;" these impostors solicited relief from generous people, and prosecuted their wicked ends with great success. The struggle is not regretted by the men, who are as earnest for a reduction in their hours of labour as ever, and the majority of them believe that, ultimately, their object will be attained, either in a Saturday half holiday or a shorter averaged day.

Varieties.

PRESS STATISTICS FOR 1862.—The "Newspaper Press Director" for 1862 states that in January of the present year there were 1165 newspapers published in the United Kingdom. Of these, 845 were published in England, 139 in Scotland, 33 in Wales, 134 in Ireland and 14 in the British Isles. The number of newspapers published in 1851 was only 563.

SIR J. FRANKLIN'S MONUMENT AT HIS BIRTHPLACE.—A mural monument has been lately put up in Spilaby Church, to the memory of Sir John Franklin, by his widow. It bears the following inscription:—"In memory of Admiral Sir John Franklin, R. N., K. C. H., K. R. D. C. L., born at Spilaby, April 16, 1786; died in the Arctic Seas, June 11, 1847, while in command of the Expedition which first discovered the North-West Passage. They forged the last link with their lives."

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—How, in a general aspect, does the Exhibition of 1862 stand as compared with that of 1851? There are, we believe, better things now on show at Brompton in many departments, but the present Exhibition is, as a whole, far below its predecessor. First, the arrangement is immeasurably inferior. Next, there is no longer that long, and light, and airy, and graceful nave, adorned with a vista of trees and tropical plants, and such works as Kiss's "Amazon," Osler's "Crystal Fountain," "The Greek Slave," and a perfect avenue of works of art. A wretched obelisk and hideous telescope, and the disgraceful "Godiva" in painted plaster, are poor substitutes. The really fine works of Gibson, such as the "Tinted Venus," are thrust into a corner, and Mr. Skidmore's screen—on which at present we pronounce no judgment—is the work which is likely most and earliest to impress spectators. The Koh-i-noor appears again, but it is as a choice specimen of the lapidary's skill, and no longer as the mystic talisman of the destinies of Hindostan. We are ready to admit that the present exhibition of porcelain has never been surpassed, and that of iron has never been equalled; but when we are told by Lord Granville that the country is to be congratulated on its commercial activity and manufacturing success, because all this vast space is occupied, and more might have been filled, we are constrained to reply, that, as a whole, the galleries contain rubbish by the ton, and that we see no reason why sixty such Exhibitions as this could not have been filled, when the Commissioners have not thought themselves at liberty to reject contributions of goods which figure in every shop window, and on every stall-board in London.—*Opinion of the "Saturday Review."*

HOW TO DO GOOD.—Dr. Johnson wisely said, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do anything."

GOOD TASTE.—True taste is an excellent economist. She confines her choice to a few objects, and delights in producing great effect by small means; while false taste is for ever sighing after the new and rare.—*Samuel Rogers.*

THE ELAND.—Mr. Selater, Secretary of the Zoological Society of London, reports most favourably of the acclimatization of the eland. "I think it can hardly be fairly said that the eland is long in attaining maturity, as in this respect it appears superior to the domestic ox. The eland is adult when a little more than two years old, and commences breeding at that period, which is certainly not the case with ordinary cattle until long past that age. Our elands produce their calves with great regularity every season, and each of the three females in this Society's gardens may now be seen accompanied by a young one. The male eland we now possess, which was bred by Lord Hill at Hawkstone, is a little over three years of age. As he is the father of two of the young elands above mentioned, the eldest of which was born in December last, and the female of this antelope goes nine months with young, it is evident that my statement as to the early maturity of this animal is correct in this case, and I believe it to be generally so."

TEMPERANCE AND PAUPERISM.—Out of 10,226 subscribing adult members of Temperance Societies in the metropolis, 7839 of whom were artisans or labourers, not more than a score could be identified as having applied for parochial relief; besides which, it is stated by several of the secretaries that not only did they abstain from applying for parochial relief, but that they keep up, almost without exception, their periodical payments to their respective societies. Improvidence is the offspring of intemperance and the prolific parent of pauperism.—*Mr. Scott, Chamberlain of London.*